

**CAPTAIN AMERICA #14:  
"Turnabout"  
Script for 22 Pages**

**PAGE ONE**

FULL PAGE. THE *RED SKULL*, ON HIS KNEES, SHINING THE SHOES OF SEVERAL IMPOSING-LOOKING *CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SOLDIERS* IN THE LOBBY OF A POSH, MODERN GERMAN HOTEL. SKULL LOOKS AS SUBSERVIENT AND MENIAL AS POSSIBLE, AND THROUGHOUT OUR STORY, WEARS A PLAIN GRAY JUMPSUIT. ANDY, SOMEHOW VISUALLY, WE HAVE TO EMPHASIZE THAT THIS IS A BERLIN HOTEL, SO IF YOU CAN WORK IN A SIGN THAT ACTUALLY SAYS "HOTEL BERLIN" SOMEWHERE, THAT WOULD BE SWELL. BARRING THAT, DEFINITELY MAKE SURE THAT THERE'S SIGNS AROUND THE SHOESHINE STATION WHERE WE CAN DROP IN GERMAN-LANGUAGE TRANSLATIONS FOR "SHOES SHINED" AND PRICE LISTS IN GERMAN CURRENCY.

- 1 CAPTION: In the heart of BERLIN lies a GRAND HOTEL.
- 2 CAPTION: It plays host to AMERICAN SOLDIERS. It welcomes tourists from FAR AND WIDE to sleep in its elegant beds, to dine on its sumptuous meals.
- 3 CAPTION: They tip me their YEN and their RUPEES and their PESOS to perform whatever MENIAL TASKS are REQUIRED of a scurrying SERVANT.
- 4 CAPTION: I shine their shoes and dream of bullets.
- 5 TITLE: STAN LEE presents a very special tale of terror and triumph:
- 6 TITLE: TURNABOUT
- 7 CREDITS: MARK WAID and ANDY KUBERT, storytellers  
JESSE DELPERDANG, inker  
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR, colorist  
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**PAGE TWO**

FULL PAGE. SKULL TOILS IN THE HELLISH, STEAM-FILLED LAUNDRY OF THE HOTEL.

1 CAPTION: There is precious LITTLE to mark the TIME in my world. In the mornings, I am elbow-deep in their food-encrusted DISHES. At night, I am awash in their filthy, germ-infested GARMENTS.

2 CAPTION: Dawn breaks, and the routine begins ANEW. Dawn breaks, and the routine begins ANEW.

3 CAPTION: Dawn breaks.

4 CAPTION: Dawn breaks.

5 CAPTION: Dawn breaks.

6 CAPTION: And the slime of their SPIT and the stink of their SWEAT bury any memory of who I AM or how I came to BE here.

7 CAPTION: Is this HELL?

8 CAPTION: Dawn breaks.

**PAGE THREE**

FULL PAGE. IN THE HOTEL LOBBY, SKULL SEES A BIG PICTURE OF SMILING CAPTAIN AMERICA TOPPED BY A BIG "WELCOME" SIGN OR BANNER.

1 BANNER: WILKOMEN CAPTAIN AMERICA

2 CAPTION: The amnesia of my existence is threatened only by the sickening thunder of red JACKBOOTS.

3 CAPTION: Far ABOVE me treads Germany's LEADER.

4 CAPTION: The AMERICAN SOVEREIGN whose TWISTED LIBERALISM has OVERRUN the fatherland.

5 CAPTION: His preening smile conveys no less than a REPTILIAN COLDNESS to those who might RECOGNIZE his EVIL.

PAGE FOUR

FULL PAGE. THE CENTER OF DOWNTOWN BERLIN--BUT IT'S AWASH IN MULTICULTURAL INFLUENCES, TIMES SQUARE BY WAY OF BLADERUNNER. IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY THREE FEET, THE CULTURE CHANGES: SUSHI SIGNS, BILLBOARDS FEATURING RICH BLACK ATHLETES, ASIAN SUPERMODELS, A JEWISH STOREFRONT TEMPLE--EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, GERMANY'S BECOME A MELTING POT. AND THERE'S SKULL, SMALL IN THE MIDDLE OF IT AS HE WALKS UP THE STREET, LOOKING AROUND IN DISGUST.

- 1 CAPTION:        There is no ESCAPE from his insidious sway even in the city streets.
- 2 CAPTION:        ESPECIALLY in the city streets.
- 3 CAPTION:        How FAR my proud homeland has FALLEN.
- 4 CAPTION:        Once, we were the keepers of the TRUTH. That the ARYAN RACE is the MASTER race. That Nazism is a WHITE LIGHT BRIGHT and PURE enough to BURN AWAY the blacks and the yellows and the reds and the browns which darken the world.
- 5 CAPTION:        Now the lie called DEMOCRACY has POLLUTED our virtue. Thanks to our LEADER, Germany has become INFESTED with strange CULTURES...inferior PEOPLE.
- 6 CAPTION:        Don't they REALIZE what RUIN they visit UPON us?
- 7 CAPTION:        Of course not.
- 8 CAPTION:        Look at them.

**PAGE FIVE**

FULL PAGE. NIGHT. SKULL, CURLED UP IN A FETAL POSITION, SLEEPS IN A DUMPSTER FULL OF "ETHNIC TRASH"--CHINESE TAKE-OUT CARTONS, AMERICAN HAMBURGER WRAPPERS, ETC.

1 CAPTION: They eat bread rightfully MINE. They sip my WINE, they wear my CLOTHES, they warm themselves in MY BLANKETS.

2 CAPTION: They TAKE and they TAKE and they TAKE...all the while SNEERING at me, leaving me to whatever pitiful shelter I can FIND.

3 CAPTION: Only when I SLEEP am I free to be the man I WISH to be.

4 CAPTION: Only when I DREAM.

PAGE SIX

FULL PAGE. A MONTAGE OF IMAGES AS SKULL DREAMS OF HIS OWN ORIGIN IN SCENES RIGHT OUT OF THE ORIGINAL LEE/KIRBY STORY. LOTS OF ROOM FOR CAPTIONS AS HE NARRATES HIS ORIGIN "DREAM":

- AS A LOWLY BELLBOY, HIS BACK TURNED TOWARDS US SO WE CANNOT SEE HIS FACE, HE STANDS BEFORE AN APPROVING HITLER;
- HIS BELLBOY HAT AND OUTFIT AT HIS FEET, HE STANDS BEFORE HITLER DRESSED AS THE RED SKULL;
- AT HITLER'S COMMAND, HE SHOOTS ONE OF HITLER'S ADVISORS;
- AS THE RED SKULL, HE GRAPPLES WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA.

1 CAPTION: It is always the same.

2 CAPTION: I am at the hotel when a man of intense CHARISMA and POWER does something no one has EVER done.

3 CAPTION: He ACKNOWLEDGES me.

4 CAPTION: He brags to his FOLLOWERS that he can turn even the LOWLIEST of Germans into a FIT SOLDIER. Into a man of WORTH...

5 CAPTION: ...provided I pledge my ALLEGIANCE to HIM.

6 CAPTION: He TESTS me by having me gun down one of his OWN in COLD BLOOD.

7 CAPTION: The approval in his EYES fills my hollow soul with PURPOSE. I am BORN ANEW, and HE is my FATHER.

8 CAPTION: In my dreams, there is no BATTLE I will not UNDERTAKE to further his cause.

9 CAPTION: No FOE I will not FACE in the crusade for NAZI DOMINANCE.

PAGE SEVEN

FULL PAGE. THE DREAM MONTAGE CONTINUES. SKULL DREAMS OF THE WORLD THE WAY HE THINKS IT SHOULD BE:

- HE SITS IMPERIOUSLY IN A THRONE ATOP A MOUNTAIN OF WEALTH, SLAVES OF ALL RACES AND COLORS CHAINED AND BOWING BEFORE HIM, SERVING HIM.
- CAP, IN HEAVY CHAINS, OBVIOUSLY AT SKULL'S MERCY, BOWS BEFORE SKULL, WHO LAUGHS.
- FROM SKULL'S POV, HOWEVER, CAP SUDDENLY SEEMS TO BE CUT OFF FROM HIM BY A TRANSPARENT WALL--
- --AND WE SHIFT ANGLE TO SHOW THAT SKULL IS IMPRISONED INSIDE A TRANSPARENT CUBE AS CAP GRINS EVILLY.

1 CAPTION: Not even father HIMSELF.

2 CAPTION: In time, as all children do, I SUPPLANT him once he grows WEAK.

3 CAPTION: In time, I stand gloriously SUPREME over ALL the revolting curs who once towered over me, whose unending ABUSES made me WEAK and ANGRY.

4 CAPTION: I loom TALLEST over the one who MOST made me feel SMALL. And then...

5 CAPTION: ...and then...

6 CAPTION: ...as I reach forward to FILET him with my declaration of ultimate VICTORY, abruptly...

7 CAPTION: ...there are WALLS.

8 CAPTION: SIX walls.

9 CAPTION: And a triumphant LEER not my OWN.

10 CAPTION: It is always the same.

**PAGE EIGHT**

FULL PAGE. DAY. SKULL, HAVING BEEN HAULED OUT OF THE DUMPSTER, IS BEING HELD AND BEATEN BY THE CHINESE WHO OWN THE RESTAURANT WHICH OWNS THE DUMPSTER.

1 CAPTION: Always.

2 CAPTION: I awake to the fetid stench of the CHINESE or the JAPANESE or the AFRICANS...

2 CAPTION: ...or WHICHEVER accursed minority has chosen to pretend it has any right to lay its HANDS upon one who would uphold the Nazi principles.

3 CAPTION: Animals.



PAGE NINE

FULL PAGE. SKULL, A BELLHOP, IS MOVING LUGGAGE INTO A SUITE AND IS BEING SCREAMED AT BY A WEALTHY BLACK BUSINESSMAN FOR NOT MOVING MORE QUICKLY.

1 CAPTION: Bells clink. Elevators ding. Up. Down. Down.

2 CAPTION: Every arrival, every departure, is a RACE. My back breaking, I am forced to chase DEUTCHMARKS and FRANCS from angry cretins whose flecks of spittle poison my SKIN.

3 CAPTION: Down.

4 CAPTION: They accuse me of LAZINESS. They fold my tips back into their POCKETS to PUNISH me.

5 CAPTION: Down.

6 CAPTION: To them, it is a JOKE.

7 CAPTION: I do not laugh.

8 CAPTION: Down.

PAGE TEN

FULL PAGE. STREET LEVEL, IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL. A HUGE CROWD HAS GATHERED; SKULL'S IN THE THICK OF IT. EVERYONE'S STARING UP AT A BALCONY, CHEERING, WAVING SMALL AMERICAN FLAGS AT CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHO STANDS ON THE BALCONY, OPEN HAND OUT, ADDRESSING "HIS PEOPLE" IN A MANNER EERILY REMINISCENT OF THE NUREMBERG RALLIES. SKULL IS PAYING NO ATTENTION TO CAP; INSTEAD, HE'S EXCHANGING A MEANINGFUL GLANCE WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO LOOKS UPON HIM WITH KINDNESS AND INTEREST--THE FIRST PERSON WHO HAS EVER DONE SO.

- 1 CAPTION: When work is DONE, I attempt to rally OTHERS to the plight of my people...try to WARN them of the sin, of the HORROR, which comes from diluting ARYAN BLOOD with that of other races, other COLORS.
- 2 CAPTION: Always, my voice is drowned out by CHEERING. By pedagogic SINGING and insipid CHANTING.
- 3 CAPTION: The land of the free. One nation under God.
- 4 CAPTION: Indivisible.
- 5 CAPTION: In the visible.
- 6 CAPTION: Invisible.
- 7 CAPTION: Alone.
- 8 CAPTION: Alone, with no one to share my VISION.
- 9 CAPTION: Until a woman in the crowd turns to me and curls her lips. I stare at them.
- 10 CAPTION: They form a SMILE.

PAGE ELEVEN

FULL PAGE. LATER, SKULL AND THE WOMAN ARE ENJOYING A GRAND, ROMANTIC BALLROOM DANCE AND CLEARLY HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES. AROUND THEM THERE ARE OTHERS SIMILARLY DANCING, BUT OUR ATTENTION IS FULLY ON THEM.

- 1 CAPTION: Her name is EVE. At her touch, the beatings, the hunger, become memories DIM.
- 2 CAPTION: Had I but one drop of water for each dance we dance, we could sail on an ocean of JOY.
- 3 CAPTION: Finally, I have found someone who will UNDERSTAND my world as it SHOULD BE. A fellow pureblood who will REALIZE our MUTUAL SUPERIORITY. Someone who will treat me as an EQUAL.
- 4 CAPTION: Who will see me for everything I truly am...

**PAGE TWELVE, REVISED**

FULL PAGE. STANDING JUST INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR OF THE WOMAN'S PARENTS' HOUSE. SHE'S INTRODUCING THEM TO THE SKULL, WHO'S WIDE-EYED WITH SHOCK AT WHAT HE SEES: MOM'S ASIAN, AND THERE'S A MENORAH ON THE MANTLEPIECE.

1 CAPTION: ...just as I

2 CAPTION: see

3 CAPTION: HER.

**PAGE THIRTEEN**

FULL PAGE. AS SKULL WATCHES, ALL THREE LOOK AT HIM, REMOVING THEIR FACES AS IF THEY WERE MASKS CONCEALING FEATURLESS BLANKS.

1 CAPTION: Eve. Mother of SIN.

2 CAPTION: To think that I would EVER consider it an ASPIRATION to be HER EQUAL.

3 CAPTION: Juden.

4 CAPTION: Chinese.

5 CAPTION: Africans.

6 CAPTION: Arabs. Indians. Poles. Gypsies. It makes no difference.

7 CAPTION: All of them chase their pathetic notion of racial harmony. All of them preach some grand scheme of global diversity.

8 CAPTION: But underneath...

9 CAPTION: ...they are all the same.

PAGE FOURTEEN

FULL PAGE. STILL INSIDE THAT LIVING ROOM, BUT AT A LOW LEVEL LOOKING UP AT SKULL, WHO STANDS OVER SILHOUETTED CORPSES, HIS HANDS DRIPPING WITH BLOOD. THROUGH THE STILL-OPEN DOOR, WE CAN SEE TWO ANGRY NEIGHBORS--*BOTH FACELESS*--POINTING AT HIM ACCUSINGLY IN RAGE AND HORROR.

1 CAPTION:       And I am their VICTIM.

PAGE FIFTEEN

FULL PAGE. A FACELESS MOB SAVAGELY BEATS THE SKULL TO A LIVING PULP FOR HIS CRIME EVEN AS HE TRIES TO WARN THEM OF THE DANGERS OF DILUTING THE PURITY OF THE ARYAN RACE.

1 CAPTION: As ever, they FIND me. They find me with their BATS and their BRICKS and their BOARDS and their STONES.

2 CAPTION: Rabid mongrels.

3 CAPTION: They show NO MERCY towards one whose home and dreams they have repeatedly and shamelessly STOLEN.

4 CAPTION: As they have so often BEFORE, they foam and they froth and they bellow that, if it is the LAST THING THEY DO, they will beat SENSE into my bones.

5 CAPTION: And to their credit...they DO.

6 CAPTION: At long last...

7 CAPTION: ...they DO.

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

FULL PAGE. NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE HOTEL. BATTERED, BLOODIED, SKULL STAGGERS TOWARDS THE HOTEL, KNOWING AT LAST WHAT HE MUST DO.

1 CAPTION: I know now the course I must take.

2 CAPTION: Clearly, despite my best efforts, the ideals preached by our leader cannot be overcome by one such as I.

3 CAPTION: I can no longer battle the will of the mongrels and expect to SURVIVE this nightmare.



**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

FULL PAGE. SKULL, TIMID, ENTERS A POSH SUITE. HE'S PUSHING A ROOM-SERVICE CART. BIG ON *CAPTAIN AMERICA* AND HIS AMERICAN ADVISORS IN THE ROOM, STANDING AROUND, HAVING A STRATEGY POW-WOW. ANDY, I LEAVE THE ISSUE OF THEIR FACELESSNESS TO YOU AND MATT.

1 CAPTION:        My only REFUGE is in dream made FLESH. My only HOPE...

2 CAPTION:        ...is that our leader will ACKNOWLEDGE me.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN-NINETEEN**

PANEL ONE: CAP POINTS TO THE SKULL.

1 CAPTION: A minute passes.

2 CAPTION: Two.

3 CAPTION: And just as I prepare to LEAVE...it begins to UNFOLD.

4 CAPTION: As if answering my whispered prayers, he brags to his FOLLOWERS that he can turn even the LOWLIEST of Germans into a FIT SOLDIER. Into a man of WORTH...

PANEL TWO: SKULL KNEELS BEFORE CAP, PLEDGING HIS ALLEGIANCE TO HIS NEW MASTER.

5 CAPTION: ...provided I pledge my ALLEGIANCE to HIM.

PANEL THREE: AT CAP'S COMMAND, HIS ADVISORS GRAB ONE OF THEIR OWN (A WHITE GUY), HOLDING HIM BY THE ARMS. THE GUY LOOKS TERRIFIED. CAP HANDS SKULL A GUN.

6 CAPTION: He TESTS me by ordering me to gun down one of his OWN in COLD BLOOD.

7 CAPTION: He hands me DESTINY.

PANEL FOUR: SKULL TAKES AIM.

8 CAPTION: The opportunity is everything I could have HOPED for. No longer will I be a NOBODY...an anonymous WRETCH sentenced to HELL by his INFERIORS.

PANEL FIVE: ON THE VICTIM TO BE, HELD BY OTHER ADVISORS, FRIGHTENED, AS SEEN FROM SKULL'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE SIGHT ON THE GUN--ANDY, IF YOU HAVE ROOM TO BREAK THIS INTO THREE PANELS, WHERE THE GUY'S NO LONGER FACELESS BUT CHANGES FROM ASIAN TO BLACK TO HISPANIC BEFORE OUR EYES, THAT'D BE GREAT--

9 CAPTION: Not once I prove my power OVER them.

PANEL SIX: --TIGHT ON SKULL'S FINGER SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER--

10 CAPTION: Not once a SINGLE BULLET releases me from a  
lifetime of OPPRESSION and TYRANNY--

PAGES TWENTY and TWENTY-ONE

TWO-PAGE SPREAD. SKULL (ON THE LEFT) *WHIRLS* AND, INSTEAD OF SHOOTING THE INTENDED VICTIM, GUNS DOWN *CAP* (ON THE RIGHT)! PAST AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF CAP, TOWARDS FAR RIGHT OF SPREAD, PALE COLOR BEGINS TO *FADE IN...*

1 CAPTION:       --now and FOREVER.

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

PANEL ONE: SKULL COWERS A BIT AS A RUSH OF COLORS ZOOMS IN TOWARDS HIM.

1 CAPTION: Chronolog: 1998  
In the final days of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, a battle between CAPTAIN AMERICA and the RED SKULL resulted in the shattering of the all-powerful COSMIC CUBE.

PANEL TWO: CLOSE IN ON HIS SCREAMING FACE--

2 CAPTION: Consumed by the cube's energies, the Skull was drawn into a netherworld of his own making.

3 CAPTION: To fulfill my OWN agenda, I chroaled to the year 1998 A.D. to RELEASE him from damnation. I have ARRIVED, paradoxically enough for a MASTER of TIME...

PANEL THREE: --AND PULL BACK TO REALITY, WHERE A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IS WATCHING THAT SCREAMING, ENRAGED FACE START TO MANIFEST ON THE SKULL SHADOW.

4 CAPTION: ...too LATE.

5 CAPTION: The Skull has effected his OWN release.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

PANEL ONE: SHIFT ANGLE TO SHOW THAT IT'S *KANG* WATCHING, CONTEMPLATING AS SCREAMING SKULL BEGINS TO MANIFEST FROM HIS OWN SHADOW.

1 CAPTION: Curious as to the Skull's EMOTIONAL STATE, I have taken this opportunity to survey the madness spun within his own mind.

2 CAPTION: And what I have seen...what I have SEEN...

PANEL TWO: AND AS WE GO CLOSER ON *KANG*'S FACE AND THEN HIS EYES, WE SEE FEAR. UNMITIGATED FEAR.

3 CAPTION: Over the millennia, I have been characterized as EVIL by those who, I now realize...

4 CAPTION: ...have no CONCEPT of the word's TRUE MEANING.

5 CAPTION: Until now, not even I knew the depths of Skull's DEPRAVITY...and for the first time, I wonder if I have made a GHASTLY MISTAKE...

PANEL THREE, BIG: SKULL, CRACKLING WITH ENERGY, IN HIS NEW GOLD ARMOR, STANDS FULLY REVEALED, *KANG* WATCHING HIM FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE BACKGROUND.

6 CAPTION: ...in releasing the GREATEST EVIL the world has EVER KNOWN...!

7 BOTTOM BLURB: TO BE CONTINUED!